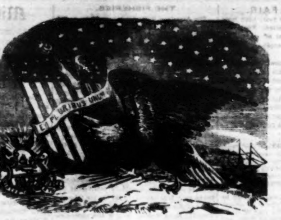
THE SATURDAY  EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers, NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance. THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, | EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

| CLUBS—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS ON THIRD PAGE. |

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1852. WHOLE NO. 1627.

Choice Poetry.

A WEE BIT NAME.

SHEPHERD.—An' a wee bit name—canna it carry a weight o' love?—*Noctes Ambrosianæ.*

A wee bit name! Oh, wae's the heart
When nought but that is left,
But doubly dear it comes to be
When time a' else hath reft,
An' youth, an' hope, an' innocence,
An' happiness, an' hame,
Are a' concentred in a word,
That word—a wee bit name.

Back through the weary waste o' years
My memory is borne,
An' gurglin' streams, an' thickets green,
An' fields o' yellow corn,
An' lassie-pleasures, an' sunny hills
Upon my spirit gleam,
The phantoms o' the past, before
That spell—a wee bit name.

Oh, vision sweet! a fair, fair face,
A young, but thochtfu' brow,
Twa gentle een o' azure sheen,
Are beamin' on me noo.
Be still, my beatin' heart—be still;
It's but an idle dream:
She bends as though wi' tremblin' joy
I breathe a wee bit name.

A wee bit name! Oh, lives there ane
That never, never felt
Its pathos an' its wizard power
To soften and to melt?
No—callous though the bosom be
Wi' years o' sin an' shame,
'Twill melt like snaw in summer's sun
Before some wee bit name.

A wee bit name! the rod whose touch
Bids hidden waters start,
The torch that lights the pile upon
The altar o' the heart,
An' kindles what wad else decay,
Into a holy flame:
A sacred influence may lie
Within a wee bit name!

Original Novelet.

THE CURSE OF CLIFTON.

A TALE OF EXPIATION AND REDEMPTION

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, AUTHOR OF "THE DESERTED WIFE," "VIRGINIA AND MAGDALENE," "SHANNONDALE," "THE DISCARDED DAUGHTER," ETC., ETC., ETC.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XX.

A DOMESTIC SCENE.

A light, commodious chamber,
Looking out to the hills, where the shine
Of the great sun may enter.
Mary Howitt.

Nearly twelve months have passed since the death of Mr. Clifton. It is October, the most glorious month in the year, when the gorgeous beauty of nature more than satisfies—when it enraptures the soul.

I shall introduce you into a chamber, whose three large windows look out upon the scene of glorious magnificence, only to be found when mountains, vales and forests wear their gorgeous autumn livery. It is a very large apartment—so long and lofty, that the great four post bedstead, standing with its head against the upper end, is not in the way. At the lower end of the room, there is an old-fashioned fireplace, where an oak fire is burning. The floor is covered with an ingrain carpet, of warm, rich hues. The bedstead, lounge and cushioned chairs are clothed with dark, bright chintz. The windows are curtained with orange colored damask, which give a mellow, autumnal tone to the atmosphere of the room. The curtains are festooned back, to admit the sunshine, and the glorious view without.

The lounge is drawn up to the left of the fireplace, and Carolyn Clifton, in deep mourning, reclines upon it. She is very much changed since we saw her last. There is scarcely a trace of her disease left—only a few pits scattered thinly over the lower part of the chin and throat. But she is very, very fragile, and her thin, white face is almost spectral, in contrast with her black dress. Her fair hair has grown out richer, sunnier in hue than before. It is just long enough to turn in natural, smooth ringlets, that reach to her throat. And she wears it so. And those bright curls soften and shade the pearly whiteness of her cheek. The expression of her countenance has changed also. It wears a subdued, almost patient air of suffering. She is beautiful, although now that the roundness and bloom of her cheek are gone, she does not think so. She is beautiful, as she lies there contemplating, with remorseful tenderness, a miniature that she has drawn from her bosom.

In the cushion chair, on the right of the fireplace, sits Catherine Kavanagh. She has also changed within the year. Her form is fuller, rounder, more womanly. Her grave, almost stern features, have softened into gentleness. Her voice is softer and deeper. Its tones indeed are very beautiful, and modulated with every shade of feeling. She wears her hair in the same old style, parted over the forehead, rippling down in dark, bright wavelets around her cheeks, and carried behind, and woven with the back hair into a large plait, and then rolled round and round into a succession of rings—a rich, dark, burnished mass of hair—

"Golden where the sunlight played,
But where the tendrils sought the shade,
Dark, but very beautiful."

Her dress of dark brown stuff, with the little white throat-ruffle, and the black silk apron, is not very becoming to her. But she thinks too little of her personal appearance, to care for any quality in her clothing beyond neatness and comfort. She is knitting very leisurely, stopping occasionally to measure the stocking she is engaged upon with the finished one which lies upon her lap. Kate is silent and thoughtful. All her life, up to this date, has been passed in the ministry to sorrow—yes, to all sorts of sorrow—to the suffering arising from vice—to the despair caused by evil passions—to common illness—to pestilence forsaken of all but her—to death! Yes! But little turned of sixteen years of age, and to all these forms of human misery had she been—not a ministering angel, but a ministering child and woman—that ministry of sorrow had filled up all her years, from early childhood, to this hour. Now her days were passed in soothing and cheering the solitude and depression of her invalid companion. And Kate was grave and thoughtful, because she was tempted to think that life was made up of nothing else but trouble. Her hope in happiness beyond her experience was faint. Her faith was dim. And no wonder. It seemed time she saw some one else's happiness, if not her own. It was hard to pour the words of faith, hope and cheerfulness into the ear of another, when the fountain in her own heart was failing. It was only a temporary darkening and failing of the spirit. A silent, earnest

[illegible]

Our Portrait Gallery.

WILLIAM R. KING, OF ALABAMA.

We have had the above portrait of the Democratic candidate for the Vice Presidency, engraved from a likeness in the American Phrenological Journal. As we have never seen Mr. King, we cannot say how accurate the likeness is. Next week, we design giving a portrait of the Whig candidate for the same office,—Mr. Graham, of North Carolina.

to join the promenade or to take seats. Mrs. Clifton preferred the latter, and their polite escort conducted them to a side sofa, from which they could note the entrance of fresh guests, and watch the great circle of promenaders going round and round in one long elliptic, three or four persons deep, in the most stupid, treadmill monotony conceivable. Very much interested and amused was our simple country girl, in taking observations of the various characters passing in review before them. Here [illegible]

Mrs. Cabell turns again and again to survey her form in the mirror, and readjust the flow of her purple satin dress, or the wave of her white ostrich plumes. When all is done, she turns for the last time to Carolyn, to rebuke her for not adding a single ornament to her mourning dress of black velvet, which is relieved only by the falls of fine Brussels lace on the neck and arms, and the sunny ringlets falling all around her head as low as the throat. Carolyn looks very fragile, but interesting and lovely, though [illegible]

Pictures of Life.

THE WIDOW AND HER SON:

OR,

NUMBER NINETEEN IN OUR STREET

Number Nineteen in our street is a gloomy house, with a blistered door and a cavernous step; with a hungry area and a desolate frontage. The windows are like prison-slips, only a trifle darker, and a good deal dirtier; and the kitchen-offices might stand proxies for the Black Hole of Calcutta, barring the company and the warmth. For as to company, black beetles, mice, and red ants, are all that are ever seen of animated nature there, and the thermometer rarely stands above freezing-point. Number Nineteen is a lodging-house, kept by a poor old maid, whose only friend is her cat, and whose only heirs will be the parish. With the outward world, excepting such as slowly filter through the rusty opening of the blistered door, Miss Rebecca Spong has long ceased to have dealings. She hangs a certain piece of card-board, with "Lodgings to Let," printed in school-girl print, unconscious of straight lines, across it; and this act of public notification, coupled with anxious peepings over the blinds of the parlor front, is all the intercourse which she and the world of men hold together. Every [illegible]

ANALYSIS OF THE AMERICAN CHARACTER.

[illegible]

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1852.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 in advance, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and in the country to one Post Office.

4 Copies,		$5 00 Per Annum.
8	" (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$10 00 "
13	" (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$15 00 "
20	" (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$20 00 "

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, end at one and the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as [illegible]

CHEAP POSTAGE.

[illegible]

VENTILATED CARS.

[illegible]

Clippings.

[illegible]

THE STATE FAIR.

[illegible]

DRUNKENNESS.

[illegible]

THE FISHERIES.

[illegible]

Our Correspondents

THE LAKE ERIE CALAMITY.

[illegible]

La Salle, Illinois, Aug. 28, 1852.

[illegible]

Truly yours, &c.

GEORGE HARTLEY.

New Publications.

[illegible]

Miscellaneous.

THE SEARCH FOR PURE WATER.

[illegible]

ORIGIN OF THE ROTHSCHILDS.

[illegible]

POSTSCRIPT.

[illegible]

SENATE CHAMBER, Aug. 28th, 1852.

The Honorable, WM. R. KING, President of the Senate.

[illegible]

JAMES COOPER.

[illegible]

WILLIAM R. KING.

Clippings.

[illegible]

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

[illegible]

CATTLE MARKETS.

[illegible]

SATURDAY EVENING [illegible]

[illegible]

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1852.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,
No. 66 South Third Street, Phila.,
Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with despatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.
DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

OUR NOVELETS.

THE CURSE OF CLIFTON,
A TALE OF EXPIATION AND REDEMPTION.
BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH,
author of "The Deserted Wife," "Shannondale," "The Discarded Daughter," &c.

At the conclusion of "The Curse of Clifton," we shall give the Sequel to Viola—

CLARA MORELAND,
BY EMERSON BENNETT,
author of "Prairie Flower," "Bandits of the Osage," &c.

In addition to the above works of fiction, we shall not neglect the usual assortment of Miscellaneous matter—composed in a great degree of the choicest articles that appear in the English periodicals, together with the Cream of New Works, Original Lectures, General News, Comic and other Engravings, &c., &c.—hesitating at no reasonable expense to add to the variety and interest of our columns, and make them worthy of a first class paper, and of our great circulation.

General News.

Diving for the Wreck of the Atlantic.—The Buffalo Advertiser has an account of Mons. Maillefert's operations to discover the wreck of the Atlantic steamer, which has been found in 144 feet water:

This is the deepest dive ever made—126 feet being the greatest depth ever before reached. The new hose was found to be perfectly suc…

POLITICAL NEWS.

Webster Papers.—The Boston Courier has hoisted the Webster and Jenkins ticket, making two papers now in that city advocating that ticket, the Daily Bee having come out for Mr. Webster several months ago. Both of these papers support the regular Whig nominees for State offices.

The Temperance Question in Maine.—A letter from Neal Dow, states that every one of the newly elected Senators, in Maine, is pledged to support the Temperance Law, and three-fourths of the House of Representatives.—Albany Evening Journal.

North Carolina.—The result of the late Gubernatorial election in North Carolina has been officially proclaimed. Reid, Democrat received 48,474 votes, and Kerr, Whig, 42,983—majority for Reid, 5,491. The vote for Governor, in 1850, stood—Reid, Democrat, 44,845; Manly, Whig, 42,081. Reid's majority 2,774.

Soupcrous.—The New Orleans Bulletin gives an account of a new political entertainment invented by the Whigs of the South, viz.—the Soup-cone. One of this description was to take place on the 14th ult. It was intended to prepare some ten or twelve of the largest sized sugar kettles—sufficient for at least ten thousand hungry men—full of the best description of bean and beef soup; to be eaten in haste or at leisure.

Secretary Corwin.—It is reported, and also denied, that a great expose occurred recently, before the Gardner Claim Investigation Committee. Very unexpectedly to the members of the Committee, it was brought out that another party, and not Secretary Corwin, is at fault. The excitement in the Committee was great in consequence, and they will exonerate, it is said, Mr. Corwin from all blame. It is said that Mr. Corwin will resign, immediately upon his justification by the Committee, and stump Ohio for General Scott.

Senator Benton's Ideas.—Senator Benton is urging, in the National Intelligencer, the construction of his great plan of a Central Road…

Mr. Webster and the English Press.—The English papers are down upon Mr. Webster for his course on the Fishery and Guano Questions. The "Times" leads off in the attack, and charges him with "precipitancy, with vulgar electioneering manoeuvres, with the desire to court popular applause so as to bear upon the Presidential question, with duplicity and with bullying," committed to gratify his own personal ambition, and looking to his election to the Presidency. The Times then states that Mr. Webster was officially apprised, on the 5th of June, that the British Government contemplated certain immediate measures for the better protection of their own fishermen against unlawful encroachments, and on the following day he issued a proclamation of warning to his countrymen, the effect of which was to create considerable hostility of sentiment against Great Britain. This proclamation and the Marshfield speech, the Times asserts, are lacking in evidence of sound political principle; …

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe is about forty years of age, low in stature, having a brilliant, expressive eye, short features, hair thin and dark, with an occasional tint of gray; and her whole contour, as the French would say, being expressive of a highly nervous temperament, with quick perceptive powers of reading the minds of all present at a glance. All in all, however, she was not so good-looking as her writings had led us to suppose.—Boston Daily Herald.

TRAVELLING AGENTS

Mr. C. W. JAMES, No. 1, Harrison Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our general travelling agent for the Western States, assisted by John T. Dent, Dr. J. A. Wadsworth, Alex. R. Laws, William Moore, Charles Carroll, O. J. Dyer, C. M. L. Wiseman and H. J. Thomas.

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS, of Montgomery, Alabama, is our general travelling agent for the States of Alabama and Tennessee, assisted by C. F. Lewis, James O. Lewis, and Samuel D. Lewis.

Mr. ISRAEL E. JAMES, No. 182 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia, is our general travelling agent, assisted by William H. Weld, John Collins, James Deering, A. Kirk Wellington, E. A. Evans, Pervis Loode, Jas. Button, Geo. P. Button, D. R. Goodin, Wm. J. Coney, Isaac M. Bodine, and Walter D. Thompson.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE is our only Collector of Bills in Pennsylvania.

A. PEASE collects for us in the New England States, and a portion of the State of New York.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST MAY be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots OF DEXTER & BROTHER, 43 Ann St., N. York; OF HOTCHKISS & Co., Boston, Mass. …

ALMANAC.

Oct. 1852.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES
2 Saturday,	6 13	5 47	4 55	
3 Sunday,	6 14	5 46	5 41	
4 Monday,	6 16	5 44	6 28	
5 Tuesday,	6 17	5 43	7 1?	
6 Wedn'day,	6 18	5 42	8 11	Last 5 5 16
7 Thursday,	6 20	5 40	9 5	New 13 1 54
8 Friday,	6 21	5 39	9 59	First 19 6 34
9 Saturday,	6 22	5 38	10 53	Full 27 6 34

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER

		9 o'clock	12 o'clock	3 o'clock
Sept.	19	62	67	69
	20	64	71	73
	21	67	74	76
	22	6?	71	73
	23	?9	66	66
	24	59	60	67
	25	?8	67	?8

Marriages.

Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 23d ult. by the Rev. G. Hitchings, Mr. F. J. F. Kinsler, to Miss Anna West.

On the 15th ultimo, by the Rev. Henry D. Moore, Mr. John Middleton, to Miss Mary F. Hilt, both of Frankford.

On the 20th ult. by the Rev. F. F. Mayer, Mr. Lawrence S. Yeager, to Miss Almira L. daughter of Mr. A. Hildebrandt, all of this city.

On the 21st ultimo, by Friends' Ceremony, in presence of Charles Gilpin, Esq., Mayor, William E. Bullock, Esq. of the city of Philadelphia, to Miss Cynthia A. Rich, of Cumberland county, N. J.

On the 19th ultimo, by the Rev. J. H. Turner, Mr. Joseph A. Ebeling, to Miss Mary Ebel, both of Philadelphia.

On the 19th ult. by the Rev. G. R. Crooks, Mr. Jasper House, of Bucks county, to Miss Pauline E. J. Fish, of this city.

On the 12th ult. by the Rev. W. M. D. Ryan, Mr. John M. Fisher, to Miss Eliza B. Sheble, all of Philadelphia.

On the 14th ult. by the Rev. Wm. E. Durnett, Mr. John Jones, to Miss Margaret McDonald, all of this city.

On the 16th ultimo, by the same, Mr. Alfred D. Davis, to Miss Elizabeth McDonald, all of this city.

On the 11th July last, by the Rev. David W. Bartine, Mr. Henry E. Elder, to Miss Sarah Sipler, both of Camden.

In Manayunk, on the 14th ult. by the Rev. A. Culver, Mr. Thomas Entwistle, to Miss Rebecca …

Deaths.

THE STOCK MARKET.

Bank Note List.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square (sixteen lines) one insertion, $2.00
" " " three months, $15.00
" " " six months, $25.00
" " " a year, $40.00

Double-column Advertisements, a price and a half.

Payment is required in advance.

ANOTHER SPLENDID NUMBER.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

CONTENTS OF THE OCTOBER NUMBER.
MEMOIRS OF THE HOLY LAND.—The Dead Sea. By Jacob Abbott.
Illustrations, from Drawings by Dopler.—The Departure of Lot from Sodom.—The Plain.—The Valley of Arabah.—Map of the Dead Sea.—Caves of Engedi.—The Descent.—The Cavern of Usdom.—The Ford.—Turn back.—The Levelling Party.—Cologne.
THE PALACES OF FRANCE. By John S. C. Abbott.
Illustrations.—Plan of Versailles.—Louis XIV.—Old Chateau of Versailles.—Palace of Versailles, old Court entrance.—Death of Louis XIV.—Louis XIV. Hunting.—Madame Maintenon.—Cascades of Versailles.—Fountain of Fame.—Fountain of the Star.—Fountain of the Pyramid.—Parterre of Versailles.—The Grand Trianon.
NAPOLEON BONAPARTE. By John S. C. Abbott.
Illustrations, from drawings by Dopler.—Scene in the Louvre.—Arrest of Cadoudal.—Arrest of the Duc d'Enghien.—Napoleon's Hut at Boulogne.—Execution of the Duke d'Enghien.—Madame Polignac interceding for her Husband.
WHO MURDERED DOWNIE?
FRAGMENTS FROM A YOUNG WIFE'S DIARY.
A SOLDIER'S FIRST BATTLE.—THE CAPTURE OF A REDOUBT.
MEMORY AND ITS CAPRICES.
BLEAK HOUSE. By Charles Dickens.
Chapter XX. A New Lodger.—XXI. The Smallweed Family.—XXII. Mr. Bucket.
Illustrations.—Mr. Guppy's Entertainment. The Smallweed Family.
MONSTERS OF FAITH.
LIFE AND DEATH OF PAGANINI …

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

ECLECTIC MEDICAL COLLEGE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

WESTERN MILITARY INSTITUTE.

LYON'S KATHAIRON.

BIGELOW'S ALTERATIVE,

BROWN'S ESSENCE OF JAMAICA GINGER.

J. W. & E. D. STOKES,

CARROLL & BROTHER, EXCHANGE BANKERS,

DAGUERREOTYPE VIEWS OF UPPERTENDOM.

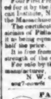
TENTH THOUSAND NOW READY.

REVISED EDITION OF
THE UPPER TEN THOUSAND.
SKETCHES OF AMERICAN SOCIETY,
By C. Astor Bristed.
With Original Illustrations. Price 50 cents in Paper; Cloth 75 cts.

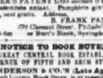
New York Life, by a New Yorker, clever, sparkling and life-like. A set of Daguerreotypes, in which figure the drawing-rooms of the Avenue and Union Place—the most noted salons of the town—the butterfly crowds of the watering-places, and pre-eminently—the Course. The hero of the book, a modern fast young man, who has in a measure outgrown his fastness, and looks patronizingly on the aspiring efforts of a very young New Yorker, ciceroned you about, showing up the lions of town and country, and all with a cool blasé sort of air that is wondrously telling.—N. Y. Evening Mirror. …

TUSCARORA ACADEMY.

PEPSIN



PALMER'S PATENT LEG.



HENDERSON & Co.

SHEPHERD'S CLOTHING STORE,
CHESNUT STREET, SECOND DOOR ABOVE THIRD.

This Establishment is Celebrated for the Elegant Cut, Fineness of Quality, and very Low Prices of

GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHING.

$200,000 WORTH, OF THE NEWEST STYLES.

COATS, ... $2 50 TO $10
VESTS, ... 1 00 " 4
PANTALOONS, ... 1 50 " 6

WE STUDY TO PLEASE.

CHERRY PECTORAL,
FOR THE CURE OF
COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING-COUGH, CROUP, ASTHMA, AND CONSUMPTION.

TO CURE A COLD, WITH HEADACHE and SORENESS OF THE BODY, take the Cherry Pectoral on going to bed, and wrap up warm, to sweat during the night.

FOR A COLD AND COUGH, take it morning, noon and evening, according to directions on the bottle, and the difficulty will soon be removed. None will long suffer from this trouble when they find it can be so readily cured. …

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

WE HAVE NO APOLOGY TO OFFER for presenting the public with a New Magazine. Just such a periodical as we design to make, is, we believe, wanted, and, if our views on this point be correct, the public will duly respond to our effort.

The Editor of the Home Magazine is
T. S. ARTHUR,
of whose ability, character, ready tact, and unflagging industry, we need not speak. In his hands is the entire editorial charge of the work, and with him will rest the responsibility of its literary character. A new novellette from his pen is commenced in the first number, now ready, entitled
"THE OLD MAN'S BRIDE."
A large portion of the articles in the Home Magazine will be from the pen of …

LIVER COMPLAINT,
JAUNDICE, DYSPEPSIA, CHRONIC, OR NERVOUS DEBILITY, DISEASE OF THE Kidneys,

DOCTOR HOOFLAND'S CELEBRATED GERMAN BITTERS,
PREPARED BY DR. C. M. JACKSON.

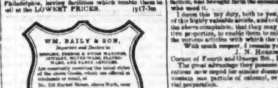
WICKERSHAM'S PATENT SECTIONAL IRON FENCE FOR RAILROADS, FARMS, &C., &C.

CHESNUT ST. FEMALE SEMINARY,

HARDWARE. MOORE, HENSZEY & CO.,

CORNELIUS, BAKER & CO.,

JEWELRY. SILVER WARE. PLATED WARE.



ROGERS' COACH FACTORY,

Selected Poetry.

THE HEAVENLY RIVER.

THERE lies one river more gracious even,

Beneath old Eastern, bathing the
A silver stream indeed,
A tender old old stream,
The youngest of the world was but eyes
For one so very young.
But oh, the ages on her purest face,
How incongruously it clung.

The southern Provence, white and red,
Just combed to the breeze,
With flattened clump, and thick-piled lace
Of many-pointed leaves;
With dipping fronds that covered the stream
Along its careful shore,
And drew away the enormous pecker
With flight more piled over.

Nor does not see the forms who drew
The things he better sky,
The young beginnings, soft and warm,
Fill out her thoughtful eye.
In rain for her the pencils that amble
Rustle a thousand ropes—
A softer music of golden things
Without her hearts plays.

She reads a volume, dark and old,
What learned the flood's sight,
She reads of what her mother said
In the holy words of eighty—
Thrills of the bread bright fields of heaven,
The stained trailing lines,
And golden wings and wheeling crowds
That are the fragrant air.

She reads bright tones, group on group,
Down shaded vistas here,
And soft eyes look from floating skies,
That bloom on many a mere—
Rare shining wings from any air
Some—and all dear.

She sees the Saviour circled now
By many a learned throng,
And kneeling up, she too would greet
His loved as well and long
Away—love-blessed in her dream—
She springs with smiling heart,
And all is done, and she is gone.

She walks with Jesus now!

America, N. Y. H. N. P.

Selected Sketch.

COMETS:
OR, CLOUDS OF LIGHT.

FROM CHAMBER'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

In March of the year 1845, a remarkable beam of light shot suddenly out from the crown of the constellation Ursa Major, and, passing through the interval between the last stars of Orion—That glimmering beam was the tail of a comet, just visible to our Northern skies, as the rapid motion of that object soon carried it to the southern hemisphere, where it was visible for a short time, with the more favoured citizens of the South. At the Cape of Good Hope it was described as "a fine object, almost touching the solar disc, and at night appeared with the head of 1° and a tail of 40°, with a luminous band flowing out from it to a distance some hundred times longer than the moon's disc is wide." Few, indeed, were the people who, in the course of their lives, caught a glimpse of that shining tail, either as it fitfully showed itself in our heavens, or as it steadily kissed upon the opposite hemisphere of the earth, were led to form any definite notion of the magnificence of the object they were contemplating. No one, assisted by the touch ing of science, could have conceived that the streak of light, so readily compressed within the narrow circle of eye-glass, was composed of not one hundred and seventy millions of miles in length.

The comet comes from the regions of unknown remoteness, and rushes with continually increasing speed, towards our own system at a velocity that—the power of which we have no measure whatever—at length carries it to the neighbourhood of the sun. Here it is arrested by the attraction of that luminary, and, after a short time, is again hurried away into the depths of space, never more to return. Such is the comet's career, as far as we can trace it by the help of observation; but, as to the end and object of its existence, we are left entirely to conjecture. Some have supposed that they are not intended to fulfil any purpose beyond the mere exercise of the power of their Creator, in the production of such magnificent objects; others, that they are destined to act as the means of conveying matter from one system to another, for the purpose of supplying the waste of worlds which is continually going on. Others, again, have imagined that they are the appointed agents for the punishment of worlds which have become too wicked to be allowed to exist any longer. Others, finally, have thought that they are intended to act as the means of restoring worlds which have become too old to be allowed to exist any longer. Others, finally, have thought that they are intended to act as the means of restoring worlds which have become too old to be allowed to exist any longer. Others, finally, have thought that they are intended to act as the means of restoring worlds which have become too old to be allowed to exist any longer.

The belief in the comet's surpassing thinness and lightness is not a mere speculative opinion, it rests on ocular demonstration. In 1770 Lexell's Comet passed within six times the moon's distance of the earth, and was consequently observed with a degree of attention and attraction. It in most had been of equal amount with the earth's mass, its attraction would have influenced the earth's movement in a like degree to what it does, and the earth must have been as sold back in its orbital progress in consequence, that the year would have been lengthened by the addition of 2 hours 45 m. The year was not, however, lengthened on that account by so much as the smallest perceptible fraction of a second; hence it can be shown, that the comet must have been composed of a cohesion not more than the 300th part of that the terrestrial substance. Newton was of opinion that a comet as big as the earth would be sufficient for the construction of the largest comet's tail.

Light as the comet's substance is, it is not, however, light enough to escape the grasp of the sun's attraction. In the first place, the mass of this vapor is rushing through the ether with great speed, so far from the sun that the solar rays look not as brilliant as in the earlier hour, it feels the influence of the solar beam, and is forced to form quite within the neighborhood of the object they were contemplating. No one, assisted by the touching of science, could have conceived that the streak of light, so readily compressed within the narrow circle of eye-glass, was composed of not one hundred and seventy millions of miles in length.

The comet comes from the regions of unknown remoteness, and rushes with continually increasing speed, towards our own system at a velocity that—the power of which we have no measure whatever—at length carries it to the neighborhood of the sun. Here it is arrested by the attraction of that luminary, and, after a short time, is again hurried away into the depths of space, never more to return. Such is the comet's career, as far as we can trace it by the help of observation; but, as to the end and object of its existence, we are left entirely to conjecture. Some have supposed that they are not intended to fulfil any purpose beyond the mere exercise of the power of their Creator, in the production of such magnificent objects; others, that they are destined to act as the means of conveying matter from one system to another, for the purpose of supplying the waste of worlds which is continually going on. Others, again, have imagined that they are the appointed agents for the punishment of worlds which have become too wicked to be allowed to exist any longer. Others, finally, have thought that they are intended to act as the means of restoring worlds which have become too old to be allowed to exist any longer. Others, finally, have thought that they are intended to act as the means of restoring worlds which have become too old to be allowed to exist any longer.

Wit and Humor.

TAKEN AT HIS WORD.—An esteemed friend and always welcome correspondent, at West Point, sends us the following, which he says is "rich and rare":

"Poor old Sambo was very pious; and so was his master, who was a rich man. He used often to call upon the world and its surroundings as vanity and vexation of spirit, in which Sambo heartily joined, the belief that he was willing and anxious to die—sometimes, certainly; but we have the following from Sambo himself. It is a genuine Scottish dialogue, translated. So he used to sit in his cabin, after his day's work was done, and, with a tallow candle flickering upon the dining-board, and as he read it work himself into a frenzy of devotion. Feel he sang a hymn, and offered himself with the satisfaction that he should

"'Wish down the golden crust
With silver slippers on his feet.'

and then rocking himself backward and forward, his eyes closed, and his head bowed in solemn ecstasies 'and repeat'—Whenever do again the Lord shall call, poor old Sambo is ready to go.'

"How this became commonly known among the servants of the family, I cannot inform you; but it was a grudge against old Sam because he was a little 'stuck up and devout'; anyway, one night a negro wag crept in the door of the hut, and, waited for old Sam to begin. First came the hymn, then the prayer, and then the response, he began to sway his body, and out it went:

"'Whenever de angel on de Lord shall call,
I'se ready to go.'

"Tap, tap, tap; upon the floor.

"'Who dar?' shouted Sam, turning his eyes from the 'golden crust' ceiling.

"'De angel of de Lord!'

"'What he want?' gasped Sambo.

"'He come for old Sambo,' was the dreaded reply.

"'Pshaw!' out went the candle at one puff; 'for ain't no Sambo here; he's gone dead one's two weeks!'

"'Eyah! eyah! eyah!' shouted a chorus of voices.

A LUDICROUS MISTAKE.—A Cincinnati grocery house, finding out that cranberries command six dollars per bushel, and under the impression that they were a kind of berry adapted to advantage at St. Ray'n, wrote out to a commission merchant in that city to "send on a hundred bushels of cranberries." The correspondent, a plain, unadorned man of business, laughed on that receipt of the order, but, with a due regard for the sanctities of a second; hence it can be shown, that the comet must have been composed of a cohesion not more than the 300th part of that the terrestrial substance. Newton was of opinion that a comet as big as the earth would be sufficient for the construction of the largest comet's tail.

Light as the comet's substance is, it is not, however, light enough to escape the grasp of the sun's attraction. In the first place, the mass of this vapor is rushing through the ether with great speed, so far from the sun that the solar rays look not as brilliant as in the earlier hour, it feels the influence of the solar beam, and is forced to form quite within the neighborhood of the object they were contemplating. No one, assisted by the touching of science, could have conceived that the streak of light, so readily compressed within the narrow circle of eye-glass, was composed of not one hundred and seventy millions of miles in length.

The comet comes from the regions of unknown remoteness, and rushes with continually increasing speed, towards our own system at a velocity that—the power of which we have no measure whatever—at length carries it to the neighborhood of the sun. Here it is arrested by the attraction of that luminary, and, after a short time, is again hurried away into the depths of space, never more to return. Such is the comet's career, as far as we can trace it by the help of observation; but, as to the end and object of its existence, we are left entirely to conjecture. Some have supposed that they are not intended to fulfil any purpose beyond the mere exercise of the power of their Creator, in the production of such magnificent objects; others, that they are destined to act as the means of conveying matter from one system to another, for the purpose of supplying the waste of worlds which is continually going on. Others, again, have imagined that they are the appointed agents for the punishment of worlds which have become too wicked to be allowed to exist any longer. Others, finally, have thought that they are intended to act as the means of restoring worlds which have become too old to be allowed to exist any longer. Others, finally, have thought that they are intended to act as the means of restoring worlds which have become too old to be allowed to exist any longer.

City Scenes.

MARVELLOUS EFFECT OF THE AMERICAN CLIMATE.

PATRICK, *(just landed)*.—"By my sowl, you're black, old fellow! How long have ye been here?"

DARKEY, *(cautioning the fragee)*.—"Jist three months, my honey!"

PATRICK.—"By the powers, I'll go back to Tipperary in a jiffy! I'd not be so black to that for all the whisky in Kenrove!"—*Lantern.*

I WAIT FOR THEE.

The hearth is empty—the fire is bright,
The bottle sings for tea;
The clock on the mantel-piece ticks light,
The tea-urn smoke in sapphire wisps,
And now I wait for thee.

Come home, come home, thy task is done;
The clock ticks lovingly,
The kitten plays on the rosy carpet,
The warm clear to the fireside draws,
They buy is on my knee.

Come home, come home, the deep, fond eye
London round has wearied,
The weary heart has ached enough go by,
As if thy welcome song was nigh,
He waves enchantingly.

In vain—in fain—the welcome vain,
And turns his glance on mine,
Impatiently, the yes again
His lips, and I repine.
His brow is clouded, I caress,
That gimmie is on like thine.

Thy task is done—thy heart is here;
Whatever thy footsteps roam,
No heart will spread such kindly cheer,
No lips will welcome home.
Like those will wait thee home.

Ah, come, come home, and with thy feet
Thou'll-traverse very dark one
The hole in which the spare is put,
The bake is cold with joy at last,
A thousand welcomes home.

Selected Articles.

BURNS AND SCALDS.

FROM HERZ'S MEDICAL GAZETTE.

There is no practical subject in our profession in which the disastrous and fatal effects of mal-treatment are more manifest than in the accidents of popular ignorance are more apparent than in the treatment of burns and scalds. In the cases of scalds and burns, now unhappily so frequent in our country, by reason of the numerous steam-boat explosions, little is to be entrusted with our public conveyances in which the public safety depends.

So long ago as 1830, in the first American edition of Cooper's Surgical Dictionary, published in Philadelphia, the practice of the Parisian surgeons in regard to burns was thus described:

"The practice of the Parisian surgeons in regard to burns is very simple. They cover the burnt surface with a thick layer of cotton, and over this they put a bandage. The cotton is found to absorb the matter, and to prevent the formation of a scab, which is always painful when it is removed. The cotton is also found to prevent the contact of the air, which is very painful to the nerves. The cotton is also found to prevent the contact of the air, which is very painful to the nerves. The cotton is also found to prevent the contact of the air, which is very painful to the nerves